THE WESLEYAN

Commencement Number



THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Aspera

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Among the Contributors

The purpose of the Commencement number of *The Wesleyan* is three fold. In this issue we announce the winners of the Freshman Literary Contest, Miss Marguerite Rhodes, author of "A Night," and Miss Charmian Stuart who wrote, "Street Scene," a poem. We hope that these girls and others who showed talent in their contributions will continue to write for *The Wesleyan.*

We also wish to introduce the new staff for 1931-32 in this last issue. It is composed of Miss Dixie Jones, editor-in-chief; Miss Spencer Jack, business manager; Miss Louise Pittman, advertising manager, and her assistant, Miss Sarah Hammock; Miss Kathryn Silknitter, Senior associate editor; Miss Ida Young, Junior associate editor; Miss Frances Zachry, Senior literary editor; Miss Betty Hunt, Junior literary editor; Miss Martha Oatis, Sophomore literary editor; Miss Helen Flanders, Alumnae editor; Miss Frances Justi, Exchange editor; Miss Hazel Austin, Rambler, and Miss Marguerite Rhodes, Circulation manager. The new staff has kindly helped with the publication of this issue.

In the Commencement number it is appropriate that we publish a few contributions by Seniors. Miss Mary Broderick, in her short story, "Caeser," portrays the character of the negro, Caeser, with much talent. Miss Martha McCowen offers "Muddy Boots," a play in one act which affords delightful entertainment.

And so *The Wesleyan* bids you farewell with all good wishes for a successful year. Its progress will be followed with greatest interest.

A Night

PRIZE SHORT STORY

By MARGUERITE RHODES

Little by little the road emerged from darkness and revealed its dim curves to the headlights. The man in the car strained after the small illumined circle as his only guide in all the night and solitude. On either side trees passed in silent ranks like shadowy giants. His mood was somber. Oppressed by his loneliness, by the constant moan of the engine, and, most of all, by his sad, strange errand, he fell a prey to all the cynical questionings of his spirit. What purposeless change played with human affairs. He had gone to inspect a lumber camp of his firm; the same evening an unknown youth had driven by the camp just in time to be fatally hurt by a falling tree; and now, owning the only six-cylinder automobile in the camp, he, the Little Rock business man, was driving thirty dark miles to Clinton to tell the boy's mother.

The present situation made no less sense than the rest of his existence Just as he now threaded his painful way on an errand which did not concern him, so day by day he spent his life strength fighting battles of business which meant nothing after all. Why should he never feel interest in his daily tasks, and lacking interest, why should he still strive doggedly to accomplish them? His only answer was a half-conscious shrug. Fixing his eyes more intently ahead, he thought that he had faced most of the last fifteen years with a shrug. Was it the result of loneliness? Had the divorce which had left him without his wife and child left him also without purpose in life? Trying to remember how he had felt before those long-ago troubles, he could not; unconsciously, he shrugged again.

The ranks of the giants began to thin. Before long, swinging his car with relief out onto a broad, straight road, he realized that he was not far from Clinton. Soon the lights of the town began to twinkle at him from far across the plain. It struck him as ironical that they should try to cheer a messenger bringing them tragic news. Since he had only a little further to go, he necessarily turned from his own bitterness and wracked his mind for the best way of telling the poor mother. He was a man of sympathy. Since he understood too well the sadness of being deprived of a son, he drove into town, asked directions, turned down Jackson Street, and finally stopped at number 326 with an ever-increasing burden of dread. Rehearsing in his mind a kind but simple and direct procedure, he got out of the car, walked mechanically up the driveway, hesitated, then rang the bell.

It seemed years that he waited, tense years of fumbling with his gloves and struggling for composure. At last, a light flashed on in the living room, and the doorknob turned. A glance told him it was the mother; he began in an embarrassed voice to introduce himself——. A second glance left him speechless and pale. The face in the doorway seemed to look out at him from the dim years of his young-manhood, years with a pretty young wife and a rosy little boy who called him "Daddy". Only the pillar at his shoulder held him up under the onrushing flood of realization. If this was

indeed Grace who stood before him, who was the youth lying so still now in the foreman's cabin? Emptiness, longing deeper than old resentments, then sudden staring loss all swept through him in swift succession until he could scarcely feel anything more.

Grace, recovering from her amazement, led him gently in to the sofa. Puzzled, herself, she looked at him with an expression of sweet understanding as of old. In his confused mind there sprang to light the terrible realization that the same necessity faced him still, now unspeakably cruel. How could he tell her? His loss was but small compared with hers. Numb with pity, yet following some instinctive habit of acting at once, he broke into speech.

"Grace, I didn't know it was you. I came to——."

"What, John? What's the matter?"

"A boy was killed—they sent me from the camp——."

He forced out only this much, then stopped, wincing at the sudden tragedy he saw taking place in her expression. She understood.

Her suffering was his. He could understand how dear their son must have been to her, what a companion during the lonely years of separation. When she finally gave way to unrestrained tears, he felt that a terrible tension was over and dared wish to comfort her. His whole heart, going out to her in the silence, pushed aside their early misunderstandings like the quarrels of children and told him that he loved her, had always loved her, and always would. Stabbed by a feeling of utter helplessness, he rose to leave. It seemed that chance had outdone herself in refinement of cruelty. Then looking up through the darkness of her grief, she gave him her hand so as to stay him. At that moment of sadness, there seemed to shine through all his other feelings a deep, calm exultation, a release from nothingness, as though, after years of darkness, he had stumbled into the light.

STREET SCENE

PRIZE POEM.

The sound of an accordion,
Vibrates thru the summer night
Playing O Sole Mio.
Lights on street corners blink and waver,
Men sit smoking in open doorways,
From raised windows comes the odor
Of burning bacon and the pungency
Of garlic and of onions.
A baby's wail—
Hurried speaking in a foreign tongue,
Little Italy!

Charmian Stuart.

"Muddy Boots"

Apologies and thanks are due to "Salsi," the author of a short story, "The Open Window," from which source the plot for this play is derived.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By MARTHA MCCOWEN

ACT I. SCENE I.

TIME: ABOUT FIVE O'CLOCK OF AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON.

PLACE: THE COUNTRY HOME OF THE HEYWOODS.

CHARACTERS:

BECKY, a ten-year-old girl.
MRS. HEYWOOD, a middle-aged matron.
ANTHONY BILLINGS.
MR. JOHN HEYWOOD.
PHIL HEYWOOD.
WILBUR HEYWOOD.
JAMES, the Butler.

(The curtain rises on the living room of the Heywood's home. It is tastefully and comfortably furnished, and through the wide door at the left of the stage, the entrance hall and front door can be seen. On the right, there are long French windows, reaching to the floor, which are open, out on to the porch, beyond which the rolling country side can be seen for some distance. A fireplace, with a fire laid in it, is also on the right. A large antique mahogany sofa faces the audience, with a wing chair to its right. A coffee table is in front, set as if for afternoon tea. To the rear is a handsome secretary, open with letters in its cubby holes. There are built-in bookcases to either side of the secretary, and behind the sofa is a library table bearing magazines. A large armchair has its back to the audience at the rear of the stage. It is a very livable room.

As the curtain rises, there is a politely brief ring at the front door-bell. The butler is seen walking down the hall and opening the door. This discloses Anthony on the threshold. He is well dressed in a most conservative style, and is moderately good looking in an unassuming way. He is very thin and pale, and walks with a cane. He has evidently been ill.)

ANTHONY—Is Mrs. Heywood in?

BUTLER—Yes, Sir. Won't you come in, sir? I'll take her your card.

ANTHONY—Thanks. She won't know my name, so perhaps you'd better take her this letter, too. It will explain who I am. (By this time Anthony has entered the living room, and divested himself of hat, cane, card and letter.)

BUTLER—Very good, sir. (He goes out.)

(Anthony seats himself on the sofa and picks up a magazine. He puts it down in a bored fashion and lights a cigarette. A sudden noise at the back of the stage makes him jump nervously. From the recesses of the big chair with its back to the stage, Becky emerges, and picks up the book she has dropped. She is clad in a dirty gingham dress, and her face bears traces of recently enjoyed chocolate candy, mixed with many freckles. Her hair is plaited in two pigtails tied with red ribbon. After surveying the visitor at length, she smooths her frock and wanders leisurely towards him, book in hand.)

ANTHONY—Hello! You gave me quite a start. Didn't know there was anyone about. Have you been in here long?

BECKY—Since before you came. Who are you?

ANTHONY—Anthony Billings. (Apologetically) I hope I didn't disturb you.

I'm calling on Mrs. Heywood. (Hesitating) Who are you, may I ask?

BECKY—(Seating herself on a footstool near the sofa) I'm Becky. (A pause, during which she gazes at him critically.) What are you doing here?

ANTHONY—I'm staying at the hotel in the village—taking a rest cure.

BECKY—You've been sick?

ANTHONY—(Ashamedly) Well—yes. But I'm well now. The doctor said I must come to the country for a while and give my nerves a rest. My father used to know Mrs. Heywood and gave me a letter of introduction to her.

BECKY—This the first time you've ever been to Greenwood?

ANTHONY—Yes. But don't you think I've told enough about myself? Now you talk to me. What's this you've been reading?

BECKY—Poe's Tales of Horror. (In a nonchalant tone.)

ANTHONY—(Shudders) Pretty gruesome for a little girl like you. They give me the "willies".

BECKY—(Interested) Do they, honest.

ANTHONY—Honest Injun.

BUTLER—(Enters at left) Mrs. Heywood says she'll be down presently, sir.

ANTHONY—Thank you.

(Exit butler.)

BECKY—(Pulling her stool up closer to the sofa and speaking in an inviting tone.) I s'pose you don't know about me?

ANTHONY—No, I don't. (Patronizingly) But I'd like to hear.

BECKY—(Dramatically) My father was a bad man. He killed somebody and they hung him. But he was Aunt Bertie's brother, so she has to keep care of me. And she says I'll come to no good end. I'm an orphan.

ANTHONY—(Quite taken aback by this disclosure) Well, I say—that is tough. You're very fortunate to have such a kind aunt.

BECKY—(Dubiously) Well—I s'pose so. But she's sort of—er—funny. I guess you don't know about her?

ANTHONY—Not a thing. Don't tell me she's had a past?

BECKY—Well — (Pondering on the word "past") not exactly—but the people 'round here say she's crazy!

ANTHONY—No! (Anxiously) But of course they are mistaken——

BECKY—Well—I don't know. You know, terrible tragedies sometimes drive people crazy.

ANTHONY—Of course. (Sympathetically) You mean her father——

BECKY—My father? Oh, er—not exactly. Of course that was a great shock, but not like losing a husband and two sons, all at one time!

ANTHONY—Good heavens—don't tell me the poor woman has had to bear that, too?

BECKY—(A nod, followed by a sigh) And such violent deaths! (Another sigh.)

ANTHONY—(Quite concerned) Well, I say, how did it happen, and when?. Father will be distressed.

BECKY—It was three years ago, this very day.

ANTHONY—(Anxiously) But what happened?

BECKY—(Smooths her skirts and draws even closer) You know, Uncle Rob always loved to hunt——

ANTHONY—Yes—he was shot?

BECKY—Oh, no. You don't think they could all three have been shot, do you?

ANTHONY—Oh—I forgot the sons. Go on.

BECKY—Well—exactly three years ago today in the early morning, Uncle Rob and Phil and Wilbur went out to hunt. They had on their leather boots. I think so—Now let me see—(A pause, during whick Becky thinks and Anthony sits on the edge of the sofa, his eyes glued to the story-teller). Yes. They

did. I remember now. They kissed me good-bye and they smelled all leathery and good. I remember very well how they looked. (A heaving sigh.)

ANTHONY — Poor child! Perhaps you'd rather not tell the rest?

BECKY—(Recovering at once) Oh, no. No, indeed. Well, they left—(a pause) and they never came back!

ANTHONY — Why — but what happened?

BECKY—You've never heard of Devil's Bog?

ANTHONY—(In a horrified whisper) No——

BECKY—That's what happened. They were trapped in that deadly bog, and they'yre probably still sinking, 'cause they say there isn't any bottom to it.

ANTHONY—(Paler than ever) How ghastly. They never recovered the bodies?

BECKY—Oh, no. And Aunt Bertie—she thinks they're coming back some day. That's why everybody says she's crazy.

ANTHONY — (Shivering) Horrors! Don't you think it's rather chilly in here? Do you mind if I close the window? (Getting up and going towards the window.)

BECKY—(Jumping up and standing in front of him) Don't do that! Aunt Bertie would have a fit!

ANTHONY—Well, for goodness' sake —what next? Why?

BECKY—Those windows are never closed, except at night. You see, Uncle Rob and the boys always came home through those windows after they'd been hunting—so they are left open for them to come back in. Aunt Bertie is sure they will——

ANTHONY — (Shivering again, and going back to the sofa.) Let's talk about something else. Where do you go to school?

BECKY—(With a faraway look in her eyes)—Who knows? Perhaps they will come back. In "The Murder of the Rue Morgue"——

(Anthony jumps up and looks around wildly. Mrs. Heywood enters from the left. She is dressed all in gray, and is a rather charming looking woman with gray hair.)

MRS. HEYWOOD—This is Mr. Billings? (Shaking hands with Anthony.) Oh, but I'm sure I would have known you—you are so like your dear father. I hope he is well?

ANTHONY—Quite well, thank you. He was delighted to find that I would be so near your home for a while. He made me promise faithfully to call the very day of my arrival.

MRS. HEYWOOD—(Sitting down and motioning to Anthony to be seated.) How thoughtful of him. I was sorry to keep you waiting, but I'm sure Becky has kept you entertained.

ANTHONY—Oh, yes, indeed. She's been most entertaining. (Smiles wryly at Becky, who grins back.)

MRS. HEYWOOD—I hope you're feeling all right again after your illness?

ANTHONY—Yes, thank you. All I need is a rest for my nerves to be in fine shape again.

MRS. HEYWOOD—Don't you think it's rather cold in here? These early fall days are unusually cool. Especially for one who has been ill. Becky, go and tell James to come light the fire.

ANTHONY—Oh, no. I wouldn't have you do that just for me, Mrs. Heywood. I can't stay much longer, anyhow. In fact, I ought to be back at the hotel this very minute. (Starts to rise.)

MRS. HEYWOOD—Why, you mustn't leave yet. You've just come. And I do want you to meet my boys. I'm looking for them any minute now. I guess you wonder why I don't close the windows (nodding towards them) instead of lighting the fire. But my husband and two sons are out hunting, and they always come in that way. Muddy boots, you

know—hard on the hall rugs. They are always so muddy—mud from top to toe.

ANTHONY—(Nervously) Some other time—now I really must be going. You see, at the hotel——

(Here he is interrupted by a wild scream from Becky, who points out the French windows)

BECKY—Here they come! Here they come! And they are muddy—muddy all over.

ANTHONY—(Gives one look out the window, through which three gray figures with guns on their shoulders can be seen coming across the yard in the dusk, and then makes a dash for the opposite door.) I must be going (On second thought, he hesitates) No—I can't leave the child—(Turns back and stands spellbound, gazing out the window).

(Mrs. Heywood stands close to the window and seems to forget Anthony's presence. There is a dead silence, as the three ghostly figures draw nearer and nearer. Becky makes a move to tiptoe out.)

ANTHONY—(Grabbing the hem of her dress.) Oh, no. I didn't leave you. You stay with me.

(The three muddy men enter the room through the open window and Mrs. Heywood embraces the older man.)

MR. HEYWOOD—Careful, dear—you will get mud all over your dress. (Seeing Anthony, who stands as if poised for flight, with a puzzled look on his face.) Introduce me to our guest.

MRS. HEYWOOD—This is Anthony Billings, John. Tony Billings' son. He's staying in the village. Mr. Billings, these are my sons, Phil and Wilbur.

ANTHONY—(In a dazed voice) How do you do? (Shakes hands limply.)

MR. HEYWOOD—(Looking hard at Anthony) My boy, do you feel well? You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Sit down. Did we startle you, walking in like this with all these guns, and so much mud? Sort of like the spirit of '76, eh, what? (A hearty laugh and a clap on Anthony's shoulder at which the latter nearly collapses.)

ANTHONY—(Gulping) Well, sir, you see, Becky here—— (Looks at Becky, who is gazing at him with the superlative of pleading expressions) Well (Clears his throat), Becky's been telling me some of Poe's stories, and I guess they unnerved me. Really, sir, don't you think perhaps she reads a little too much?

MR. HEYWOOD — Perhaps so — perhaps so. But I don't think that ever hurts a child—so stimulating to the imagination, you know.

ANTHONY—Exactly. Very stimulating, in fact.

CURTAIN.

LOVE

Love is like a fragile tulip—
Warm and velvet—free from stain;
But when touched by hands unkindly,
Bruises, blue and dark, remain.

Modena McPherson.

Pity the Poor Editor!

By DIXIE JONES

There is many a smile and many a tear between the green copy and the printed page of a college weekly newspaper. And you who read know little of the fun, little of the pathos, little of the priceless adventures which come into the life of the faithful soul known as the college editor. Little did our forefathers imagine the dire distress they would cause for that person when on the field of Runnymede they declared that a man should be tried by his peers. Nevertheless, this is the fate which they brought down upon the defenseless head of the editor of The Watchtower on the morning of April 17, 1931 as a result of the document which they forced King John to sign in 1295.

It was barely dawn in the city of Macon, and only the most industrious citizens, street cleaners, and milk deliverers were abroad. Down the rough brick pavement rumbled the Wesleyan "Cook Car," the truck used for transporting the servants, the mail, and the laundry to and from the city and the campus at Rivoli. Mr. Ware, the longest, gauntest, slowest, and safest of truck drivers, having delivered the dining room maids, had been forced to take into his cab the editor and the managing editor of that troublesome college paper, The Watchtower. And all of this because Mr. Sires, the venerable printer, had been retained on the jury for the past week. Consequently the printing and makeup of The Watchtower had gone to wrack and ruin, and Kat Silknitter and I, who happen to be the mournful editor, neglecting classwork, in the belief that nothing else was of any importance until we had the paper safe on its way to the waiting subscribers, set forth in the dewy stillness of the morning to the dusty little printing shop back on Poplar Street.

Suddenly Mr. Ware informed his sleepy passengers that we were "where we wanted to go," and we climbed wearily down.

"Mr. Sires," I said as we approached the battered stone upon which he was working, "have those last two galleys come back yet?"

"No, not yet. Guess we'll have to jest run over der an' get 'em. I've got my car out dere. We'll just go now before we start on the rest of this matter."

Kat and I blinked at each other in dumb astonishment. Did he mean that he was going to let us in on the traditional secrets of the Smith and Watson printing company? Other editors have written mysteriously about Mr. Sires' vague "back yonder" where all the type is set, but I was to be the first to see that pale Irishman, who for years has been our linotype operator, that Irishman whom a decade of editors had longed to see either to bless or to scold.

We actually saw the Irishman, but, alas, even we who had gone without our breakfast for the sake of The Watchtower, were not admitted to or even allowed to see the lair of the lion. For the Irishman himself had come to meet us with the galleys about two miles beyond the Ocmulgee river, and the mysteries of the linotype are still carefully guarded from the eyes of the editor. I leave it for the one who comes after me to blaze the trail to the end.

Back at the forms again, we worked frantically to finish in time to make a ten o'clock class, but after we had wedged in every available story there still remained a miserable space at the bottom of every column on the front

(*Continued on page twelve*)

Love Letters

AN ESSAY

By KATHRYN SILKNITTER

Love Letters! Two perfectly innocent-looking English words; but think of the romantic and exciting things that they stand for. Our eyes grow dreamy and misty as we caress those magical words—love letters!

A love letter by it's cold and outward appearance resembles any other kind of a letter. One is unable to distinguish it from a mere bill or advertisement. But, ah!—the contents—therein lies the difference, and what a difference!

The history of love letters is as thrilling as that of the United States and it dates back before the "year one". Let us take a bird's-eye view of this history.

Away back in the Garden of Eden, Adam probably wooed Eve with love notes written painstakingly on a fig leaf. During the stone age the cave man chiseled out his message of devotion on a piece of stone. Let's hope he didn't aim it at the heart of his lady fair.

In the adventurous days of the medieval period the brave knights perhaps trembled at the mere thought of penning a love note upon a piece of parchment. And after he had finished his task of love he sent it post haste to his lady "a la horseback."

How lovers all over the world must have rejoiced when paper was invented! And isn't it fortunate that stamps are inexpensive. Sometimes, though, two cents is a rather high price for the contents, and then again some of the letters are priceless.

Now during the year 1931 the process of writing love letters is still a national pastime. To some love-sick youths this is quite a painful process, but after a few times, writing searing little notes comes as natural to them as a fish takes to water!

This problem of writing love letters may be considered from another standpoint—the economical! It is much cheaper to pour out one's love and devotion on a piece of paper, dab a two-cent stamp on it, than to pour out that same devotion into the girl's ear in a night club to the tune of an expensive orchestra.

The cynic merely lifts her eyebrows in disdain, shrugs her shoulders and smiles sardonically at the mention of love letters. She murmurs something about the similarity between love notes and joke books. Love letters, like most other things, must be taken with a grain of salt!

Her advice is to divide the truth of the letters in half, subtract another one-third from the remainder and divide this into ten parts. Then believe one of those tenths.

If you liked fairy stories when you were a child, continues the cynic, you will enjoy reading love letters. In other words, that they are just a glorified fairy story and that there are in existence several other carbon copies.

But the majority of girls wave aside this mercenary view of love letters. They represent to these girls little sacred books. Their eyes see the deeper and sweeter meaning of the letters to which the cynical person is utterly blind.

There is something infinitely tender about a love letter that someone writes to you if that someone happens to be THE Someone. It has a meaning all its

own and the familiar phrases become indelibly written in your memory and heart.

It seems to be an unwritten law of lovers to hoard and save every missive like a miser his gold. Some stack them in neat little piles in their trunks and some strew them around the room at regular intervals. They add such an air of Miss Popularity to the room.

Blue ribbon was invented solely for the purpose of tying around old love letters. In later years you will feel like a great tragedian actress as you unwind the ribbon and read the letters. And as you read them over, perhaps a tear will dash down your cheek and drop with a great splash on the letter.

Then, again, maybe you'll laugh!

Pity the Poor Editor!

(*Continued from page ten*)

page, a space too small to hold any story, and yet a space which must be filled.

"What can we do about these holes?" I asked Mr. Sires.

"Guess I'll have to bump it out this time," he sighed, and began again his old yarn about a former editor who in answer to a question in journalism class as to the technical term for the act of packing leads between the lines of a paper to fill up space, answered with his own slang, "bumpin' it out." "Justifyin' it," Mr. Sires explained, "is the proper term to use."

Mr. Sires is the only member of The Watchtower staff who is stationary. So, it is up to him to carry the traditions of the publication from one generation of editors to another. And "bumpin' it out" puts him in his most talkative mood. He began, in spite of the rush, to review our history, telling his favorite mystery story about the time when a borrowed cut of Dr. Quillian slipped from the form while the paper was being printed and has never been seen again to this day. Then came the time when two cuts were reversed and the name of a distinguished faculty member with a long line of degrees appeared under the picture of the greenest looking freshman in the school. You will find all these yarns of Mr. Sires verified if you look through the files of The Watchtower in the college library. The record of every editor remains there, a silent witness to all her mistakes, but also to her ingenuity, her care, and her skill.

I doubt if ever in history any editor besides that of The Watchtower has ever tried to edit a weekly newspaper eight miles from a shop which was five miles from the linotype. But this very circumstance has brought to my life many experiences which are denied the average editor with his little office in the front of a building behind which stand all the mechanical devices necessary for the printing of the paper. The difficulties involved in this situation have brought to me an unshakable faith in the inherent goodness of human nature and have taught me to take big chances without the least anxiety. And how thoroughly I have conquered my native timidity when I am able to interrupt all the romance of another girl and her date as they exchange that last good night on the loggia, and say prosaically, "Would it be inconvenient for you to leave this package at a certain drug store as you go down town?"

The record is that only once through the whole year has a bundle of copy failed to reach its destination, and even that appeared at the appointed place exactly one week from the time that it was sent on its way.

Caesar

By MARY BRODERICK

How can I describe the man! He seemed too vague and deep for me to completely understand, much less try to describe or analyze. I heard of his case in January, and being interested in criminals and criminology I determined to interview him even though he had already served ten years of his sentence. However, it was not until February that I was able to visit him. There was no doubt in my mind but that he was guilty. I was interested in him, however, because it was the first chance I had ever had of questioning a man who had apparently no purpose in committing a brutal murder. He had been proved perfectly sane, and no reason for the murder could be found.

So it happened on an afternoon in February, finding that I was to be unexpectedly free, I turned toward the city jail. I only knew the negro by the name of Caesar, but I realized that in a small prison there would be no difficulty in finding him. However, the chief-of-police looked so surprised when I asked to speak to Caesar that my heart sank. For some unexplainable reason I had set my heart on this interview, and I was afraid it was going to be denied. However, the chief gave the order to bring him out. While his order was being obeyed, he explained to me that my asking for Caesar had been a surprise, because it was the first time in ten years that anyone had inquired for him. He sat thoughtfully gazing into space for a few minutes and then turned to some records on his desk. I realized that he wished to say no more, and contented myself with thoughts of the prisoner. No one had inquired for him in ten years! He must truly be a hardened man to have no one at all interested in him. He was evidently a brute—the only kind of man that could commit a cold-blooded murder. I turned toward the doorway leading to the interior of the jail through which the sergeant had disappeared after the prisoner.

"He is probably a man about forty-five—hard and cruel looking," I thought to myself. I was elated! I had longed for this opportunity. I had interviewed men who had murdered for money and men who had murdered in periods of anger and insanity, but this was my first opportunity of questioning a negro murderer and also one who had murdered in cold blood. I remembered the newspaper accounts I had read of such horrible purposeless murders, and I wondered what mental twists caused a man to commit such crimes. Probably it was the same mental trait that causes a small boy to tie a tin can to a cat's tail. Then I thought of the woman in one of Conan Doyle's stories who thrived on horse-whipping her little dog—but here these thoughts, which were truly far astray from the interview I was expecting, were interrupted by the approach of shuffling feet, accompanied by a steady, measured tread.

"Lawsy me, Cap'n, I wonder who it kin be to see me! I ain't seed nobody in yea's and yea's."

With these words the speaker turned the corner of the hall and thus into view. I was surprised and greatly disappointed—this was not Caesar, the gruesome murderer of a woman and child. But, of course, they had misunderstood—this was not the man I wanted to see.

"Is youse the one what wants to see me, suh?"

I tried to stammer out something, but

failed, and simply stood staring at him stupidly.

"You must 'cuse old Caesar, Cap'n, ef'n he don't 'members youse."

"Why, of course—of course I want to see you, Caesar," I managed to stammer out, while I thought how different this meeting was to the one I had planned.

"Why," I thought to myself, "I even have questions written out to ask my cold-blooded murderer." I smiled at the thought.

I looked at him—consciously now because I had really been staring at him, but had done so unseeingly. He had seated himself on the edge of a chair, and holding his old pipe between his teeth was fumbling with a small bag of tobacco. I noticed the trembling of his hands, and thought that he must appear really older than he was because of his imprisonment. At the youngest I judged that he must be sixty-five. How should I start him talking—in desperation I thought of the questions, but realized——

"Lawsy, it sho is nice of you to come to see a no-count ole nigger lak me. Dere ain't bin nobody here to see me since I done bin locked up in here. It sho do git lonesome, too. 'Course de sergeant he bes good to me, but jes de same it git mighty lonesome."

"But, Caesar, haven't you someone belonging to you—a wife, or sister, or——" There I stopped. I couldn't question him sitting there opposite me slowly puffing on his pipe, resting his elbows on his knees. He slowly took his pipe from between his teeth and met my eyes calmly. Then I truly saw him for the first time because I looked deep into his eyes, and suddenly that same intangible feeling, one of vastness yet hopelessness, crept over me as it does when I hear some unusually beautiful selection of music.

"Lawsy, Boss, I ain't got hide er hair of kin-folks. You see I ain't had nobody long as I kin 'member cep'n Missus Googe's pappy and den Missus Googe. Lawsy, I 'members de day dat she wuz born jes as good as ef'n it was yesterday. I called her 'Blossom' de fust time I seed 'er. Yas, suh, Boss, she wuz sho a purty chile. Den de day dat she done marry Mr. Googe. Course he ain't had de big farm lak Missus' Pappy done had, but jes de same he wuz whatcha call a good previder lak. Yas, suh, dat wuz de day of de big party. Lawsy, I chopped wood and carried in coal and helped dec'rate de house for a week fore time. Yas, suh, dat sho wuz one big party."

Caesar remained puffing thoughtfully for about three minutes. I sat motionless for fear of breaking in on his train of thought and hence conversation. Again I thought of my imagined murderer and those calculating questions. Again I smiled—but Caesar was continuing.

"Yas, dats when de trouble done started. Dats it—right after de little missus wuz born. Hit wuz jes about dat time dat Missus' ole pappy done died. Den, too, pore Missus wuz crippled, now, too. I begined to see how 'culiar lak Mr. Googe wus abeginnin to do. Sometimes he stayed away all de day. I wuz round de house mos all day now cause he neber done no wurk now. Sometimes men would come in big cars, and den sometimes I seed de Missus crying. And den dat mornin'—I neber will fergit it."

Here Caesar puffed again slowly. I sat frozen—hoping that he would not stop at this point.

"Lawsy, I didn't think dat would happen to Missus. Dat wuz de purtiest morning I believe I eber did see. Hit wuz jes about spring. I 'member I laid in bed dat morning and listened to two jays in de oak tree. Lawsy, how dey wuz a-squabbling. I thought to myself dat dis wuz sho goin to be a springy day eben dough I wuz a little stiff in de joints when I got up. I neber will fergit dat day—I chopped up Missus' wood early lak course I sho wuz tending to go a-fishing. I saw Mr. Googe come

out and git into his car. I thought dat he sho wuz a early bird, too. Den since I ain't seed Missus, I went on afishing after I done chopped de wood. Yas, suh, de fish sho wasn't abiting dat day. Den, too, I jes kept athinking bout how early Mr. Googe started out. I jes felt in my bones dat something wuz wrong."

Again Caesar stopped. Removing the pipe from his mouth he shook his head slowly and repeated that he just felt in his bones "dat something wuz wrong." I noticed with despair that his pipe was cold and felt that this would break the spell. But, no, he puffed a few minutes on the cold pipe, and then continued.

"Yas, suh, dat night bout ten o'clock dey comed fer me—a lotsa plicemans. Den dey telled me dat I done killed Missus an little Missy. I thinked dat dey wuz outa dey haids but dat maybe I better go wid dem cause dere ain't no atelling what dose kinda folks aliable to do. Den dey brung me here. Den a man tole me dat I should tell de jedge dat I wuz crazy. I telled him I ain't agoin to tell nobody I's crazy when I knows I ain't. I tole de jedge dat I done went afishin and ain't killed nobody. No, suh, I neber killed Missus—pore old Missus."

"Well, Caesar, it's time to go on back now," the Sergeant broke in on Caesar.

"Yas, suh, Cap'n. I'se agoin'. Yes, suh."

Caesar rose slowly and shuffled down the hall. He did not even glance toward me. I sat motionless—staring into space and listening to the receding steps—the shuffling ones accompanied by a steady, measured tread.

PEACE

Peace is always one of two things—
A grey, still sky—
The aftermath of a
Vicious storm—
Or
The clear cut path of a
Starbound moon—
Peace is either
Death of conscience—
Or
Cleanliness of soul.

Modena McPherson.

MOON MADONNA

The new moon is a madonna,
Slender, pale and fair—
With a shining halo resting
On her unbound golden hair.
In breathless wonder, earthly mortals
Worship from afar
Her on whose bosom nestles
A sleeping baby star!

Helen Flanders.

A Letter

By BETTY HUNT

Dear Sir:

You can't possibly imagine what a funny, peculiar dream I had last week. It was really the queerest sort of experience I have ever undergone. And it is said that dreams are often prophetic—I wonder if this one will prove to be!

Well, anyway, I dreamed I was visiting in some strange city that seemed to be full of people who had graduated from college within the last five years. I walked around for hours amidst a perfect sea of unfamiliar faces hunting in vain for just one single friend, and I had almost given up my task as hopeless, when I walked into an office building and there sat Tibber Anderson at the telephone switch-board, plugging away at it in such a familiar, nonchalant manner that I felt a distint twinge of nostalgia in the lower region of my chest. She looked up with a bright smile.

"Well, of all people," I cried. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Oh, I am doing this for lack of something better," grinned Tibber. "This is just a spare time job; my real purpose in life right now is to get a few more degrees. I have been working hard for the last few weeks and now I need only four more letters to have the whole alphabet behind my name."

This sounded perfectly plausible, but I noticed that there was a suspicious twinkle of enjoyment in her eyes and she managed the conversation of the people around her as calmly and as efficiently as she had ever managed their behavior while she was at school.

We were still talking, and I was gradually becoming acclimated to the fact that Tibber was a mere telephone operator, when someone approached me from the rear.

"Would you like to buy some roses today?" inquired a beautifully modulated and charmingly musical voice.

I wheeled around, and before me stood Sarah Erwin. Around her neck hung a basket so very full of flowers that poor Sarah seemed fairly buried beneath them. Only her face could be seen, and that wore a smile of perfect contentment.

"Well I declare! I **am** so glad to meet you!" she exclaimed and proceeded to answer my forthcoming questions before I had time to ask them. "As you see, I am selling flowers. They are so beautiful and so fragrant that I love doing it. All my life I have wanted all the flowers that I could possibly carry, and now I have them every day. I even hate to sell any because I love them so much myself."

With that she pinned a forget-me-not on the neck of my dress.

"Here comes my very best customer," she informed me, and in the distance whom should I see approaching but Hazel Macon, swinging, with that proud look of possession, on the arm of a young man who appeared to have more sense than the ordinary man, and whom I therefore took to be a professor of some sort. And I judged rightly, because Sarah soon told me that Hazel had married the Ph. D. at the charm school. I wanted very badly to see Hazel, but much to my disappointment, she stopped a block off and got into a handsome limousine which was apparently waiting to whirl her and her gallant husband away—probably to some reception or other, for I soon learned that Hazel was quite the leading young matron in the social world of this dream city.

Busy Sarah, after a few parting words, soon hurried away to be about her flow-

er-selling, and I turned again to Tibber.

"By the way," she said casually, "there is someone up on the roof whom you might like to see—another old schoolmate."

I needed no second invitation to make me dash for the elevator and ride up to the top of this big office building. And what do you think I saw there, Sis! Well, it was a huge tent with the sign "Fun House" in a streamer across the top. And who do you think was selling tickets! Old Brownie herself! Of course you know how overjoyed I was to see her, and after a fond embrace she told me what she was doing.

"I really am in charge of this show," she explained. "But you see the ticket-seller is at lunch now so I am taking his place. It's a quite interesting occupation that I have. You know I always had a great liking to all sorts of games, and here I have a chance to develop all my possibilities along that line."

When she put it that way, I couldn't be so surprised at her life-calling after all. It did fit—in a way. But I was glad to hear that she was the manager of the show and not merely the ticket-seller.

"By the way," Marion continued, when you go down, you might stop at the fifth floor. Cooper and Mary Ruth Senter are working——"

But I needed no more. I turned to the elevator and not finding it there I quickly ran down the twenty flights of stairs. I looked to the right and to the left and finally saw on one door "Sleepy Town Reivew". Remembering the literary careers of Cooper and Mary Ruth, I boldly knocked on the door and Mary Ruth answered it herself. What startled me so, however, was the fact that she did not look literary at all. In fact, she had on an apron and carried a broom in her hand.

"Why, come right in," she exclaimed hospitably. "And don't be alarmed (I imagine my face was a study in bewilderment.) And above all, don't look down on my profession. You see, I sweep around here so that I can get all the literary gleanings that fall from the desk of the editor."

Greatly relieved, but still surprised, I entered the office and there sat Cooper—at the stenographer's desk! My mouth instantly opened again in amazement.

"Oh, I can explain, too," and Cooper grinned cheerfully. "You see, I am getting up material for a new novel and by typing the editor's stories I have a splendid opportunity to study style. You see——"

But here I woke up. It was a funny, fascinating sort of a dream, now wasn't it, Sis? As I have said before—I wonder if it will prove to be prophetic?

Affectionately yours,

BETTY.

DREGS

The world is a savage, saddistic sage—
Who takes within his talon claws
My heart, my soul,
My life;
And squeezes till the red blood drops
From all that is therein—
And leaves me
Heartless, soulless,
Lifeless,
Like a clod.

Modena McPherson.

The Hush

By MARY RUTH SENTER

Characters

Helen
Pauline, Helen's child
Mrs. Crawley, Helen's mother
Mrs. Henderson, Helen's mother-in-law
Place: Small town.
Time: Present.

The scene is laid in a country library. There are many pictures on the wall, and heavy curtains cover the entrance to the dining room. The outside door is at the back of the stage. A group of three are at the right end of the stage. Helen is seated by a table busily darning. Little Pauline, aged four, is stretched out before the fire playing paper dolls. An elderly woman sits watching the two.

Mrs. Crawley: I'd like to see a husband of mine walk out on me time after time.

Helen: But, mother, you don't understand.

Mrs. Crawley: Don't understand. That's what you always say. Haven't you any backbone? Here, he's been gone four days and not a word. I wouldn't stand for it. Your father never would have tried it.

Helen: Of course not. Paul's different.

Mrs. Crawley: Well, I never thought I'd see you sitting back and letting someone do you that way more than once!

Helen: Mother, please—Pauline——

Mrs. Crawley: Oh, Pauline's not listening, and if she were——

Helen: But he's her father.

Mrs. Crawley: All the more reason why you shouldn't stand for it. Why what's to become of her?

Helen: Oh, he'll come back. He never has stayed long.

Mrs. Crawley: No; he's never stayed this long, either, has he?

Helen: But I know he'll come back.

Mrs. Crawley: Yes, and you'll not say a word. Just go on like you've always done.

Helen: But he's always sorry, and, then, anyway, it's all over.

Mrs. Crawley: Well, I don't see how you do it.

Helen: Don't bother about us, mother. We'll work it out. It's **our** affair, you know.

Mrs. Crawley: You might think so, but just yesterday when I was at the store, that catty Mrs. Sanders had the nerve to ask me where Paul was. Where is Paul! The very idea—as if she hadn't heard the whole town talking. I just looked at her. I couldn't say a word, I was boiling so, until finally I got out something about Paul being called away suddenly.

Helen: They've talked before, but they've never **ostracized** us yet.

Mrs. Crawley: You don't seem to care how I feel. After all I've done for you, you make me endure this.

Helen: But, mother, remember it's his home.

Mrs. Crawley: Oh! so that's the way you feel about it. Well, I don't know where I'll go, but I can go somewhere.

(She starts up from her chair.)

Helen: Now, mother, please. You know we wouldn't have you leave.

(She pushes her gently to the chair. Mrs. Crawley sits with her arms folded.)

Mrs. Crawley: I guess I'll have to bear it. They say there's a hush in every household, and I guess this is ours.

Pauline: (Turning suddenly from her paper dolls) Mamma, what's a hush?

Helen: Oh, nothing, darling.

Mrs. Crawley: It's something dreadful right here in this house.

Helen: Don't scare the child, mother.

(Pauline gets up from the floor and gets in her mother's lap.)

A hush, Pauline, is just something people don't like to talk about.

Pauline: Mamma, is there a **hush** in this house?

Helen: No, darling, hush now.

(She begins to rock to and fro, and the child closes her eyes.)

(A bluish light brightens the left side of the stage, and three figures become visible, Helen (ten years younger) dressed in a wedding veil is turning from one side to the other viewing herself in the mirror. A woman touches her full skirt here and there. She, too, is dressed in the style of ten years ago. Another woman stands to the side viewing the young girl with satisfaction.)

Younger Helen: Do I look all right, mother?

Her mother: Beautiful.

Younger Helen: Then, I'm ready?

Her mother: Just as soon as I see that they put those flowers in the right place.

(She leaves the room through a door at extreme left end of stage.)

Mrs. Henderson: You look just **lovely.**

Younger Helen: Oh, thank you, Mrs. Henderson.

Mrs. Henderson: Can't you call me "mother", too, now?

Younger Helen: Why, of course, but I forget—after having called you Mrs. Henderson so long—and yet, it seems natural, too. I love to hear Paul say it. Did Mr. Henderson get here?

Mrs. Henderson: No, he hasn't come.

Younger Helen: But you think he will, dont' you?

Mrs. Henderson: (bowing her head) I don't know.

(Y. Helen crosses over to her.)

Y. Helen: He sent word, didn't he?

Mrs. Henderson: No, I haven't heard.

Y. Helen: But the telegram?

Mrs. Henderson: There wasn't any telegram. I only wanted you to keep from finding out that I didn't know where he was—that's all.

Y. Helen: I don't think I understand.

Mrs. Henderson: I hate this. I'd rather do anything but tell you this now, at a time like this, but I must. I simply have to. He's been gone a week now, and I haven't heard a word. He's done this before, but I don't hold it against him. One time he went to Mexico, and another time to Italy, but he always comes back, even after so long a time. And he's always sorry, too. I believe him with all my heart when he tells me he loves me. Always, after he stays here here for a while, he feels that he must go away. It's the pioneer in him, I guess. I don't know. He's always been better when he came back and more lovable than ever.

Y. Helen: I understand, Mrs. Hen—mother. I'm sorry I ever mentioned it.

Mrs. Henderson: I'm glad you did. It makes it easier for me to tell you.

Y. Helen: Why, don't think any more about it. He may come yet. He talked so much about the wedding.

Mrs. Henderson: It's not just that. I want to tell you something else——

Y. Helen: You needn't say any more, mother. I understand.

Mrs. Henderson: No, you don't. It's about Paul. He's like his father. Oh, Helen, please stick by him, no matter what happens.

Y. Helen: Mrs. Henderson, has he ever—gone away?

Mrs. Henderson: No, but he's like his father, and, if he should, go on loving him, and he'll always come back. And he loves you—more than anything in the world. (Y. Helen sits down in a chair.) There now, you'll wrinkle your dress.

Y. Helen: Do you think he'll ever? Oh, Mrs. Henderson, I couldn't live, if he should leave me!

Mrs. Henderson: There, don't worry. He's fine, and he'll be true, no matter what happens. I'm someone to be telling you this when you's ready to go down to marry him, but I had to. I couldn't let you go on, not knowing.

Y. Helen: I'm glad to you told me. It was the right thing to do.

Mrs. Henderson: Then you forgive me —you're not afraid, and you'll believe in him?

Y. Helen: Of course—I will. No matter what happens—even if he should go away—He'll always find a welcome when he comes home.

Mrs. Henderson: Darling, you make me so happy.

(She kisses Helen on the cheek, and then looks into her eyes. The blue light at the left end of the stage becomes darker and darker until the two figures are no longer visible.)

(Pauline stirs in her mother's lap. She puts her chubby little hand on her mother's cheek. Helen kisses it.)

(A firelight glow, similar to the one on right end of stage, spreads over the left end, revealing Helen holding a small baby in her arms. Helen's mother is seated near her. Both women are silent for a moment.)

Mother: If we don't do something soon, I shall go crazy.

Helen: I wish he **would** send word.

Mother: Send **word?** Do you think he could? Something's happened, I know, or why would he have disappeared like this?

Helen: I don't think anything has happened.

(She rocks the baby and hums to her softly.)

Mother: How can you sit there like that, when anything might have happened to your husband? He might be hurt, or even murdered, and you sit there.

Helen: Do you think it's easy? All day and all night not knowing where he is or what has become of him? Don't you think I've suffered any? Don't you think it's been hard for me?

(Helen holds the baby closer.)

Mother: Then, why don't you do something? Why don't you get the police?

Helen: Because I know that when he can, he will come. I think he's safe somewhere.

Mother: You think he's just staying away?

(She stiffens and sits up in her chair.)

Helen: You don't understand, mother, please——

(A knock is heard at the door. Helen eagerly starts toward the door. Her mother tries to stop her. At the same time the real Helen hurriedly places Pauline in her mother's lap and rushes toward the door. The left side of the stage becomes dark. As Helen starts to open the door, the curtain falls.)

UNTIL

My dreams were poetry—
Silver-tinted, touched with rose,
But you changed their thrilling cadences
Into the dullest prose.
My heart was a joyous thing
Until you came along,
And made its lilting melody
A mournful song.
My soul was winged—beautiful—
Crowned with star-dust, approved of God—
But you handled it with earthy hands
And turned it into sod.

Helen Flanders.

EDITORIAL

A False Opinion?

WHAT impression are we going to make as we go out in the world after finishing our college education? Walcott Gibbs, in an article entitled "Shall We Pan the Ladies?" in the North American Review for April, gives a challenging view of a man's opinion of the emancipation of the new girl.

The main characteristic of the modern young woman is complete ruthlessness in the eyes of this vehement critic. Simply because a young damsel receives a more interesting invitation, the kind-hearted soul who has previously made a date may be left standing unnotified on a street corner or even in the church. Nothing short of "putting arsenic in the water-cooler" hinders the young woman of today from ousting a man from a desired position. Indeed, law, "a man-made instrument," is held in utter contempt by all her class.

Mr. Gibbs believes the radical change is due to the idea with which women emerge from college that they are "as brave, as bright, as strong as men and they mean to do something about it." With this firmly-fixed view, they descend on not only the social but also the professional realms of the city. Until the appearance of these women, men had their business so arranged that it required a minimum amount of work. Soon new business systems which were very complicated were introduced by the women, who became indispensable. Thus the women emerged from the business war victorious. Even their conversation has become unbearable, as they can talk of nothing except their cleverness in business.

The few women who do not work are as guilty in Mr. Gibbs' mind as their sisters of the business world. They feel forced to display the new freedom, too. In the first place, they turn to athletics to reveal a physical equality. As the damsel "develops her biceps" and acquires a dark brown complexion, she loses much of her charm. Women who are able to snap off a man's wrists are in no way amusing to Mr. Gibbs. In the second place, the rapture she feels in discoursing on subjects formerly left to men has become boring. Moreover, this obsession extends to her reading.

Another characteristic of the new girl that does not add to her attraction in the opinion of the critic is the way in which she is

attempting to dominate man by frightening him. The new hats sitting on the back of the head and revealing peculiar white foreheads like marble do not inspire much confidence in men. The crimson lips and fringed eyes give a curious appearance to the pale faces, and the long red fingernails appear quite dangerous. Her one glory is the humiliation of man by gold-digging, breaking engagements, and making life unbearable in general.

The new girl still expects the courtesies from men that she enjoyed in her innocence, dependence, and beauty. However, Mr. Gibbs concludes that she is no longer feminine and will not claim those qualities.

We hope that the impression we make as college women and college graduates will prove such an opinion very much overdrawn and false.

THOUGHTS OF YOU

My thoughts are tiny silver ships
That skim a sea of blue;
And each wee vessel of shining light
Sails straight for the haven of you.
Sometimes they're golden butterflies,
Whose preference each one shows,
In sweeping by on gorgeous wings
To the same exquisite rose.
Again they're bluebirds soaring high,
To last disappear from view,
As they upward bend and on wings of
the wind
Are lost in the wonder of you!

Helen Flanders.

THE RAMBLER

COMMENCEMENT, the only thing that means exactly what it isn't and gets by with it. Looks as if someone would question its paradoxical meaning and call it "finishment". But I suppose it is due to the consideration of folks today for the baccalaureate speakers who, unless this event was given the name commencement, would not be able to explain that "life is a series of beginnings" again. Out of grammar school the child passes into high school. Graduation from high school opens the door for admission to college. Commencement at college is the beginning of a larger and more useful life in service and in consecration."

At this time we feel bewildered and our joy is mixed with tears and heartache at the thoughts of leaving the friends that we have known and loved for four years. It seems that each senior feels it her solemn duty to weep copiously on the comforting shoulder of her sophomore sister, no matter how many sleepless nights she has spent trying to squeeze in those vitally necessary quality credits which allowed her to leave the "dear litttle sis".

The Juniors at this time weep also as they think of the end of that precious year, of friendships new and old, the threshold of that last year of priceless experience—college. Commencement to an underclassman probably means another year gone, a happy time but to a Junior it grows sadder and gladder. Life with its problems is coming closer and closer; life with its challenge is coming nearer and nearer. Only one year left to make good her promises of earlier days!

To an alumnae, who all her life must have cherished the thought that one day in the far away future she would become a graduate of a college distinguished in name and challenging in deed, commencement must mean a dream come true. Her memory is filled with the vivid picture of the night she was so proud to be a part of the robed procession. The world seemed so large to her as she seriously peered into the silent future. The question, "Will I fit in", came to her, but before she could answer it, her name was being called and she calmly walked up to receive her diploma, while the familiar figures of her classmates, bedecked in robe and insignia of learning, and beaming parents looked on.

Commencement suggests thoughts of all kinds to all students, but somehow I feel that far more inspiring will be, the thought that the time and opportunity has come to sleep—undisturbed by bells or thoughts of unread parallel.

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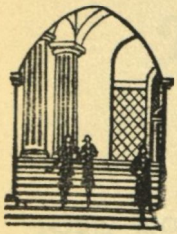
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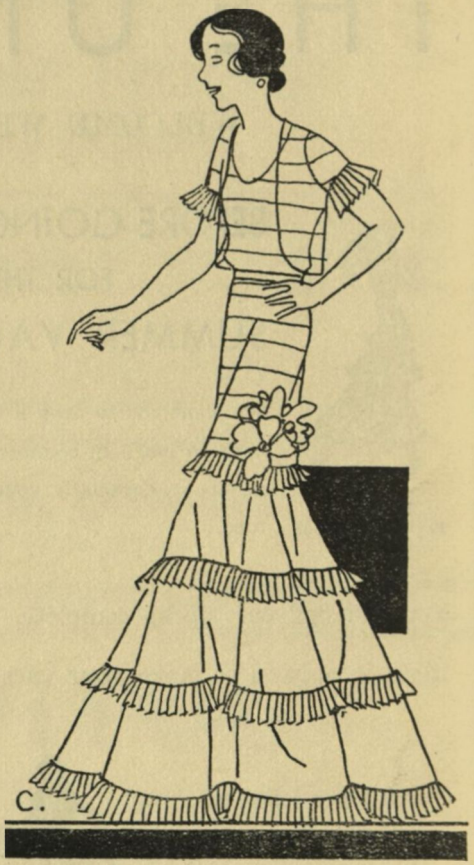
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